

# Norwich Bulletin and Courier.

**115 YEARS OLD.**  
Subscription price, 12c a week; 50c a month; \$5.00 a year.  
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Norwich, Thursday, July 6, 1911.

## The Circulation of The Bulletin.

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Norwich. It is delivered to over 5,000 of the 4,053 houses in Norwich, and read by nearly three per cent. of the people. In Wadsworth it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danbury to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.  
Eastern Connecticut has forty-five towns, one of which is situated in Putnam and Danbury to over 1,100, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily.  
The Bulletin is sold in every town and city of the P. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

## CIRCULATION

1901, average	4,419
1905, average	5,920
Week ending July 1	8,067

## COLLECTOR LOEB'S RECORD.

As the collector of New York, Mr. Loeb takes rank as first for efficiency. His motto is to "let no guilty man escape" and the figures show none has escaped. He has saved his salary many times over. If the years before he took the helm are considered, his record is little short of marvelous. "The average year's receipts on account of fines, penalties and forfeitures for fifteen years previous to 1909 were \$1,744,171. The receipts jumped to \$1,648,233.64 in 1909, \$1,507,731.14 in 1910, and reached the record-breaking figure of \$2,914,153.55 for the present year."  
The thoroughness of examination which has resulted in such fine results has created no end of complaints and some very worthy people think the indignities of the service are a disgrace to the country; but the country as a whole feels rather proud of Collector Loeb's achievements. Honest people have nothing to fear and the rogues should be expected to raise a row. The loss of an opportunity to smuggle is a great grievance to them.

## SAFE AND SANE.

Norwich, with the other progressive cities of the country, had a safe and sane celebration of the Fourth. It is doubtful if ever the city passed a quieter day.  
The morning parade of the Antiques and Horribles was a tame affair, and, considering the condition of the atmosphere, it reflected credit for wisdom on the citizens who declined to parade. The Fourth of July parade under a scorching sun always was and always will be a man-killer; and its omission was sensible.  
There were no nerve-racking salutes or waving, bell-ringing during the day; and the part of the programme of most importance was held so far out of town that only a select few paid any attention to it.  
The band concert in the evening was the one enjoyable feature. By our city's celebration no one's nerves were shocked, or hearing impaired, or naps disturbed. It was a hot, quiet, shirt-sleeved day, and the people observed it in a quiet and satisfactory way.

## TO BE INVESTIGATED.

The great express companies of the country, finding they are booked for a thorough investigation by the interstate commerce commission, have made a sudden reduction in the schedule. The Portland Express, commenting upon this, says:  
"The commission has evidently been taken by surprise in the announcement by all but one of the big companies that new tariffs will go into effect beginning April 1. These new rates, it is claimed, will bring substantial reductions on fully 90 per cent. of the traffic of these big companies, the long hauls to non-competitive points being particularly affected by the reduction in tariff. Just why this voluntary reduction of rates and what effect it will have on establishing a parcels post are questions now being asked. It has been a decided parcels post agitation for some time, there has been threatened congressional investigation of the express companies—perhaps these things have influenced the companies to sidetrack the impending wrath. Whatever the outcome of the investigation, we believe advocates of parcels post have every reason to feel encouraged by the developments of the past few days."  
Since the South Carolinians are hesitating about praying for rain to save the tobacco crop, it is suggested that prayer for rain alone would put the responsibility upon the Lord.  
A western editor on the morning of the Fourth challenged his readers thus: "I can repeat eleven words of the Declaration of Independence. How many can you repeat?"  
The war department is of the opinion that half the present number of army posts can do all the business and recommends a discontinuance of needless stations.  
Jack Johnson says the coronation was the biggest sight he ever saw. This shows that Jeffries did not look as big to him as the sporting world thought.

## A SIDE SERVICE.

The Boston Post finds that the new law in Connecticut governing aviators calls for an expert board of air pilots. This is what it has to say on the subject:  
"One of the humorous features of the new Connecticut law regulating the practice of aviation developed the other day when A. Holland Forbes, an aeronaut of note, applied for a license to navigate a dirigible balloon. The law calls for examination of an intending flyer. Why would aviators be given preference? Do not use over 250 words.  
1. Original stories or letters only will be used.  
2. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.  
3. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
4. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.  
5. Write your name, age and address at the top of the first page.  
6. Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.  
"Reach up as far as you can, and God will reach down all the rest of the way."

## POETRY.

### Feasting in the Sun.

Seems the summer brings a boy  
Heaps and heaps of fun;  
"Course his mammy finds a lot  
Of errands to be run.  
But there's plenty of playtime left  
When the tasks are done;  
Then he has a jolly time  
Feasting in the sun!  
Mammy's corn cake's mighty good,  
Winter noon or night;  
Table in the kitchen set,  
Where the time shines bright.  
But in summer, out of doors  
Is dining room for me;  
An' the sun's the biggest treat  
My eyes could chance to see.  
An' children want a share,  
Think they'd better run;  
If they linger very long  
The treat will all be done!  
Children! Children! Hurry! long!  
Come and share the fun!  
Tell you, but it's pleasant here,  
Feasting in the sun!  
Children's Messenger.

## GETTING QUITE PATERNAL.

Wisconsin has just enacted an income-tax law which is interesting, in view of the desire of the national government to also get constitutional approval to a tax upon all the people.  
These are the provisions of the Wisconsin state law:  
"If an income is over \$500, the recipient must make a return to the assessor.  
If one is unmarried the income will be taxed when it passes the \$800 mark.  
"Married men are taxed on incomes of over \$1,000.  
"The tax is gradual, starting at 1 per cent. on incomes of \$1,000 or any part of it and increasing one-fourth of 1 per cent. on each added \$1,000 until \$12,000 is reached, when the tax is 5-1/2 per cent. Over \$12,000 the tax is 6 per cent.  
"Corporations will be allowed exemptions on sums paid for salaries and wages if such corporations return to the assessor the amounts of such salaries and the names of those receiving them.  
In computing the tax and exemptions the income of husband, wife and each child under 18 years of age is added when all live together.  
"United States officials are exempt so far as their salaries are concerned, as are pensions from the United States and salaries of members of the legislature."  
A national tax, in addition to the state tax, might prove to be more than the people could enjoy.  
Wisconsin's law subjects every family to a financial investigation and is more arbitrary than is necessary in a free country.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

### Some young fellows have money to burn on the Fourth and are flush at no other time of the year.

### The amateur gardener first curses the weeds, then the worms, then the weather, and finally his luck.

### Happy thought for today: To know what to forget and what not to forget is no mean accomplishment.

### The shirt-waist man looks as comfortable as the summer girl if he does lose dignity by the looseness of his rig.

### Many a boy's ambition is to either play a trombone in the circus, or else to run a flying machine when he is a man.

### It was not the dangerous air currents that kept the aviator from flying over the city of Norwich on the Fourth.

### A Boston woman gave a divorce dinner to her friends, thus establishing a new, if not a much needed, social function.

### Those who regard the lilac as their favorite flower do not think they smell better than a bunch of \$20 notes right from the bank.

### The New Jersey man who sued for a divorce because his wife was too quiet was not very appreciative of a very fine quality.

### The severe California earthquake which covered new areas of country must be rather disturbing to the city by the Golden Gate.

### A good slogan is something every town should have from its foundation; and something the older towns find it difficult to establish.

### A California man was fatally injured by having nine million in gold fall on him. 'It is too bad to have wealth come in that way.

## NEW BOOKS.

### The Country by the Sea. A book of verse. By Henry Robinson Palmer. Published by Brown Alumni Magazine Co., Providence, R. I. Price \$1.

### In an attractively bound green and gold volume the publishers have gathered many pieces of verse from Mr. Palmer's graceful pen which from time to time have appeared in the influential newspapers and periodicals, and such borrowed verse is specially acknowledged by the author. The contents is divided under two general heads: The Gracious Year and Other Verses. In all Mr. Palmer displays his rare gift of keen discernment, his love for and understanding of Nature, and his ability to clothe Truth in most attractive form. Spring's Paradox, Cosmos in Late October, In Defeat, Sacrifice, Identity, Beauty's Sisters, Love XIII, The Ghost, Love and Fate, The Fanciers, and scores of other favorites will be welcomed by readers in their present preservable form.

### Politics in Illinois.

### The traditions of politics in Illinois are sufficiently varied for the most catholic taste, ranging from jackpots in the legislature to Abraham Lincoln. And this is according to the testimony of the senatorial predecessor of Lorimer—Springfield Republican.

### Shock to Wall Street.

### It jarred the Wall Street farmers clear to their toes when Senator Root announced that he did not believe protection has ever been a benefit to the American farmer. The Wall Street farmers have been filled their pockets.—Rochester Herald.

### Free Institutions.

### No bosses in politics, none in commerce; that is the idea of free institutions.—Providence Journal.

## IN-DOORS AND OUT-OF-DOORS

### A Boys' and Girls' Department

**Rules for Young Writers.**  
1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only and number the pages.  
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.  
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## THE HISTORY OF A VIOLIN.

I am a great tall ash tree. I grew in the forest with many of my peers. One day a man came into the woods and cut some of the trees down. After that he built the trees into what he called a house.  
A few days later a woman and two children came to live in the house with the man.  
In the summer when all the trees of the forest were dressed in their brightest foliage, the children from the little house would come and play under me. But when the winter came I was left alone and the children, for they stayed indoors.  
That very winter some lumbermen came into the forest to cut down some trees near my place. I thought I wasn't going to be taken away, but was taken last because I was so tall. I was so tall that they said they were going to use me for a windmill. But my bark was taken off me, then to a building, where they made me into a funny-shaped box which was called a violin.  
They then took me to a store, and I was bought by a rich man. I stayed in his family until my master died. He was then sold to a man, who gave me to his boy. After I had seen the boy a few times, I found that he was the boy who lived near me when I was a tall tree in the forest.  
His father was a rich man now and he paid a large sum of money for me because the older violins are most treasured.—Helen Whitaker, age 13, Norwich Town.

## UNCLE JED'S TALK WITH THE LITTLE FOLKS.

It is pleasing to see such a merry band of little folks taking an interest in this department; and I know if they work hard enough every one of them will in time be a book-winner, for they must be learning all the time how to write better and better. Something is learned every week, and it is well for the writers to note the corrections made in their copy, as that will help them a lot.  
It is interesting to know that we have several little gardeners as well as naturalists among us, and that we shall be hearing about their cultivation of produce and flowers and the results of their work. These are the wide-awake lads who have their eyes open out of doors, and who are wrestling from nature a few of her secrets as they lend themselves to the occupations and pleasures of life.  
The girls, too, it should be noted, have their hobbies and are following lines of development and self-entertainment which promise well for the future.  
Uncle Jed feels that he has a most promising band of little folks; and he knows he will not be disappointed in them or their work.

## THE PRIZE-BOOK WINNERS.

First prize to Fanny Brown, "How Sammy Went to Coral-Land," by Emily Parrot Atwater.  
Second prize to Ruth Benjamin, "Tommy's Adventures," by Emily Parrot Atwater.

## SPECIAL PRIZES.

To Troy I. Main, "Land Birds; East of the Sun."

## A TRIP IN A CANOE.

One day two boys went out in a canoe. They were going to an island to have a picnic. They stayed near the shore in their canoe and fished. They caught about eight fish, and they took them to the island. They had a picnic there. They rowed to the island. While they were eating, a storm came on.  
The thunder roared and the water was a sea of foam. They were frightened, but soon the storm began to subside. They were then able to row to the island. They had stood; but to their astonishment it was not there. The water had loosened the stick on which the rope was tied, which after awhile had drifted away. They cried and looked over the water to see if their canoe could be seen.  
Their fathers had been worried about them and went to the bank of the river. After awhile they saw the canoes drifting toward them. They were glad to see them. They found the boys fast asleep with their arms twisted around each other's necks.  
The men waited until they awoke and then brought them home. They had a joyful meeting when they came home. They hugged and cried over them; but never again in their life did they go in any canoe without a guide.—Agnes Abern, age 11, Taftville.

## A GREEDY BOY.

Little Anna's brother, connoisseur from an attack of indigestion, was sitting up in bed munching at a piece of cake. "Won't you give your sister a piece?" he asked.  
"No, I won't," said Raymond, who was sitting on the floor, eating a big cake of his own.  
"What do you think of my new shoes, grandpa?" said a young boy as he held up a pair of shining black leather shoes that were to be his "Sunday" shoes for the next six months.  
"Well, they are enough to make any boy proud and want to go to Sunday school every time, and church, too," said the old man, looking at the shoes with a good deal of interest.  
"Did I ever tell you," he continued, "what kind of shoes I wore when a boy, and the way the shoes were made? Come over here and let me get a close look at your shoes and I will tell you the story."  
After examining the new footwear and admiring them, grandpa commented: "Well, my boy, such a pair of shoes as this was never known of by boys in my day. We scarcely know what shoes were. It was either boots or barefoot, and we did go barefooted all the time except when it got real cold. I never liked boots very well, for they were always heavy and rubbed the heels or pinched the toes, especially when there was a good deal of wet weather. My! but didn't I dread putting on a pair of boots that had been water-soaked and then dried out. For the first hour you simply went around in misery, but after a while they would give a little and you could stand it till the next morning again. When we had a good pair of boots, it was not so bad, as the soles sort of kept the boots from rubbing at the heels and other places. But we didn't always have the best, for wood was scarce and we had to knit our socks at home then. We were glad of any pair of boots that we could get, and we were glad to wear them. I presume you wonder what a foot rag is; well, that was simply a square of cloth that we wrung out over fire, as a bandage is put on, before we slipped on the boot." Here Seth broke up: "Well, didn't you get the boots made big enough?"  
This made grandpa laugh. "You see," he said, "we could not always get a fit. Sometimes the boots and shoes were made for some other members of the family. I wore out a good many of my brothers' boots and shoes of times my feet grew too fast for

## THE MAN AND THE BEAR.

Once upon a time as a man was riding through the woods he met a bear. The bear had a nail in his foot, so the man stopped his horse and looked at the bear. He was looking at the bear, the bear jumped in the wagon. So the man took the bear's paw and put it in his lap, and then took the nail out of the bear's foot. The bear didn't know how to thank the man, so the bear ran back to his den and took out two bags of honey and put them on his shoulders, and when he reached the man he put the two bags of honey in his wagon.—Mary Davis, Yantic.

## A TRIP TO EUROPE.

William Thompson, who was 18 years old, was the son of Stephen Thompson, a farmer. He was going to Europe. Ever since William was 10 years old he wished to go to Europe, so on his 18th birthday his father gave him all the money he needed.  
A few weeks later William was on his way to Europe. A storm soon drove the ship he was on toward an island, where it soon broke to pieces; but the crew managed to save some food, clothes and ammunition. Then they put up a sign of distress.  
After the storm abated the people found a cask of biscuits, some rice, etc. The people had all the food they wanted, and there were plenty of squirrels, rabbits and birds.  
About a year later one of the crew saw a ship steaming towards the island, and he fired a gun to attract the rest of the people.  
The steamship landed and the shipwrecked sailors and passengers went on board. After a safe voyage they reached New York. That day there was a happy meeting between William and his parents.—Nathan Buchalter, age 12, Colchester.

## LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

### A Model Record.

Dear Uncle Jed: I know you will be pleased to hear I passed my examinations successfully. I was not absent, tardy or dismissed in one whole year. I am promoted to the Fifth grade. I am enjoying my vacation.  
Your little nephew,  
RICHARD W. TOBIN,  
Norwich, Conn.

### Ned's Pet Kitten.

Dear Uncle Jed: I must tell you about my pet kitten. He is as fat and round as a ball. The other night Ma-paw put a pitcher of cream on the table for us to have with our strawberries for supper, and my kitten jumped up and drank the cream. He was so full of cream he couldn't get it out until she spilled all the cream. I tell you what, she did look funny; but we had to do without any cream that night.  
Your little friend,  
NED,  
Norwich, July 1, 1911.

### How He Learned to Swim.

Dear Uncle Jed: When I was 11 years old I wanted to learn how to swim. I watched the other boys for a long time, but I was afraid to go out where the water was deep. One day a big boy took me out on his shoulders, and when he got to deep water he threw me out. I shouted:  
"Save me! Save me! I'm drowning!"  
But the boys only laughed at me. Somehow I got ashore all right. I did not know how, but the boys said I swam. Before the summer was over I won the blue ribbon for swimming.  
BLACKHAWK.

### The Farm.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day this summer I went to the farm. I was very

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ate on steadily till the last mouthful disappeared.

Then Anna could not stand it any longer.

"Mother," she cried, "Raymond is a wicked, greedy boy. He won't give me the tiniest piece of cake, and it was me who gave him the measles."—Ruth Benjamin, age 12, Norwich.

mer I went with my uncle and aunt to their farm, which is about three miles from the village. I had never been there before, and I enjoyed it. My uncle let me water the oxen and feed the cows and calves. When we came home we passed by a house that was built in 1523. I had a very good time, and hope to go again.  
FRANCIS BROWN, age 8, Jewett City.

Grandpa Wants Him to Be a Farmer.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am only eleven years old; but grandfather thinks I am old enough to commence my work in the garden so he gave me a piece of land upon which to plant.

I know that I must try and do my best, as this was my first trial at planting.

I thought I must plant a little of most everything in my garden, but mostly potatoes and beans, as they generally did the best in grandfather's garden.

I planted my garden. Everything came up fine. I am hoeing it so as to keep the weeds away. It is looking quite nice now.

I have a few other things which grandfather gave me.

Chickens, snappers and ducks; also three calves, which I am raising myself.

The calves have grown to be quite large.

I suppose I shall have to help do the haying this summer, as that is part of the farm work.

I will try after harvest time to let you know how I succeeded in my farming.—Troy L. Main, age 11, Norwich.

## My Flower Garden.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am very much interested in my flower garden. It contains twelve different kinds of flowers—roses, nasturtiums, mignonette, cockscomb, asters, zinnias, candytuft, daisies, golden-gloves, poppies, dahlias, and a few cultivated morning glory vines.

My nasturtiums are in blossom and my pink and zinnias have buds.

The morning glories blossom every morning.

The asters and golden-gloves will soon be in blossom.

My candytuft is fifteen inches high. Every morning I pick the blossoms that are about to lose their petals, and then the rest of the blossoms will remain much longer.

The dahlias are also growing very rapidly and will soon be in blossom.

I have a catalpa tree which was given to me at school Arbor day. It is growing very nicely. It now has 24 leaves.—Myrtle McCord, Norwich Town.

## LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

### Has Been Very Busy.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thank you very much for the pretty book I received June 7, 1911. I have been very busy with my studies and could not write before. Your little friend,  
FANNIE BROWN,  
Norwich, Conn., July 3, 1911.

### Pleased With Books.

Dear Uncle Jed: Thank you very much for the nice books I won, especially the bird book. I love flowers and birds and wish I had a flower book of my own. Your bird lover,  
AGNES ABERN,  
Taftville, Conn., June 29, 1911.

### Carrie Nation's Defect.

Mrs. Carrie Nation was a fine woman in her way, the only trouble being that her way was the impulsive, impracticable, the unwise way. She believed that saloons, like flies, should be swatted, not regulated.—Kansas City Journal.

### The Wrong Ammunition.

Ex-Senator Hopkins of Illinois told the London committee that he kept a barrel of apples in his headquarters at Springfield during the senatorial election. "What was he doing with those apples?" he asked.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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